## HER HUMBLE MEALS

Fielding's Experience in a Typewriter-Gist's Restaurant

WHERE ONE MAY SAVE MONEY

On His Lauch Because He Will Peel So Small That a Little Will Satisfy Him.

I am a modest man, and I went out o ent my modest lunch, the other day, and inadvertently walked into a place of one there were eight hundred years st are there were eight hundred young and heautiful women; all of them somed at me. If they had been men, a few of them would probably hims been thinking about something, and a commonplace stranger would not have become at once the cynonics of all eyes. Lut these were women, care-see and free, upon whom the care of mainess had left no traces except the



THE SLOPPINST MAN ALIVE

ink stains on their thumbs. So, having nothing requiring their attention, they all looked at me, and I felt as comfortable as we do in those distracting nightmares when we roam through dignified assemblies looking for a quiet corner where we can put our clothes on. They kept on chewing with a gentle and rhythmical movement which required no conscious di-rection and left their minds free to consider my claims to personal beauty

and engaging manner.

And then, suddenly, the entire eight hundred took their eyes off me, and hundred took their eyes off me, and forgot that I was alive. It was the only thing that could have made me feel worse than I felt when they were looking at me, and it accounts for the tinge of bitterness which may be detected in these lines. A man must be older and more philosophical than I am before he can endure with patience the humiliating reflection that not one girl in eight hundred prefers him to a plate of ham and beans.

I stumbled along through the room, and at last discovered a place at the far end where there were a few men. The only vacant seat was by a table which had men on one side and women

which had men on one side and wome



I FOUND HER ON MY BACK. on the other. I fell into the chair, and

on the other. I fell into the chair, and instantly found myself face to face with a haughty typewriter girl who, in our elevator, has frequently repulsed with scornful eyes the advances which Henren knows I did not make. I stole a glance at her to see whether she could still find it in her heart to erosh me, humbled as I was, in the presence of so much youth and beauty. But she lifted her cold gray eyes from her griddle cakes, and looked at something which was immediately behind I do not know what it was, but I could feel her steely glance pass through me with the cold precision of a scalpel. And yet she is not destitute of human sentiments. I have heard her converse with the elevator boy in such moving tones that he has run by four floors where business men waited, swearing, to be taken down in the car. And I have occasionally seen her gaze into the mirrors in the ear with other purpose than to contemplate her own levilness. I have even thought that she was looking at me, but, alas, it was always when I hadn't shaved for

A young man came to remove the de-bris of my predocessor's order. Though young, as I have said, this gentleman had already risen high in his profes-nion. He could clean off a table as I



had never seen it done before. He wiped that table till it was so smooth that the dishes could hardly stand on it. And not a cromb, not a bean, not an atom of pie was spilled upon the floor. It all went into my lap, every morsel of it. He even brushed the grease spots of a previous season of the mahogany on to my pantaloons. He is positively the sloppiest man that ever raised the price of benains, and he should command a high salary in any restaurant.

Then the waiter girl came. I think that she was shot out of a cannon, but I cannot swear to this, because I did not see her coming. In fact I did not know that she had started until I found her on my back. She laid some things down on the vable. Some of the things she put down with her left hand, which was on one side of my seck, and same with the right hand, which was on the

other. She was in such a burry with the imsproon that the samped it up my sheeve and it disappeared. I probest that this was not my fault, and it was only a powier spoon anyway, but the hasofity typewriter girt viewed me with increased distrest afterwards.

Then the waiter gird asked me what I would have. It was an ambermaning position. It memored as if the eight hundred girls began to look at me stain. Certainly in the eyes of the aix on the other cide of the table I read the question: "Will be take ham and humon?" The room was fall of noding plumes. I never before had the faintest conception of the magnificence of feminine headquar. How could I give my modesis order in such as assumblages, with a full certainty that the waitress would annuause it in a noise like the tramp of doom? I have been a miless were employer of typewriter girls. When my dictated letters have been a migned "Yours Truly" with a espital It, I have reised a row about it and have fell a certain superiority afterwards. But at this moment, when eight hundred of them had me practically alone, oh, how they did get require with me! This was their place, and they knets the etiquette in use and I didn't. And they all looked at me come more, even those that were back to me, natil I fight so small that I couldn't find anything on the bill of fare that was small enough to go inside of me. And as they looked at me they all chawed screnely, and even the aloppy young man was afraid of them, and brushed things into their napicinal inside of me. And as they looked at me they all chawed screnely, and even the alopey young man was afraid of them, and hrushed things into their napicinal inside of me. And as they looked at me they all chawed screnely, and even the alopey to my the distress. When I had given my order all the girls looked at their plates again in a hurry, in order to emphasize the fact that it was the order and not me in which they were interested, and whether it subscriptioned in the game, and their glances pressed to heavily on that the that

seener of an eye, this notice on the

He That Bumbleth Himself Shall Be Exalted

It fitted my case exactly, and yet the promise involved in it seemed to be scantily fulfilled. I began to be scantily fulfilled. I began to open some eggs with a trembling hand. A large piece of the shell fell into my glass. I tried to fish it out with a spoon which, such was my agitation, knocked against the glass like one of those tappers in a shop window, inviting people to come in and be robbed. Then all the girls shifted their gaze from my necktie to the piece of shell. Under such circumstances, I was not likely to catch it.

"Let me send it back and get you

stances, I was not likely to catch it.

"Let me send it back and get you another," said a kindly voice behind me. It was the male superintendent of the establishment, an exceptionally polite and obliging young man. I had never been so glad to see a male of my apsecias before. It brought my courage back. I arose and abused that gentle youth for every fault of omission and commission known to the restaurant business. He took it with the blandest courtesy. Suddenly, grown brave, I turned to see what effect my assertion of dignity had had upon the girls. They were all gone. One o'clock had atruck and they had gone back to hammer some more holes in our language. Perceiving this, I apologized meekly to the superintendent, and then sat down and ate the cold egg, shell and all.

HOWART FIELDING.

THE POMAKS.

Mohammedism Among the Bulgarians of Shodope. Who on earth, or what on earth, are

Who on earth, or what on earth, are the Pomaks? is the question which will suggest itself to most of those who glance at the heading of this article. The Pomaks are Bulgarophone Mohammedan Bulgarians; that is to say, they are Bulgarians who have adopted the creed of Islam, but retained their own language. With their native speech they have preserved certain usages and oustoms of their own race, thus affording to the ethnologist an admirable field for speculation as to the extent to which a change of religion, unaccompanied by other influences, can modify the ingrained characteristics of a nation.

There are Pomaks in many parts of Bulgaria; but the Pomak territory par excellence lies in the wildest, remotest region of the Balkan peninsula, in the

region of the Balkan peninsula, in the heart of Rhodope, a terra incognita to the European traveler, and known only by report to the neighboring races; in ancient days the haunt of the frenzied Bacchantes:

Of that wid rout that tore the Thracian hard in Rhedope, when woods and rocks had ears To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned Both hery and voice— and in later times the inaccessible re-

and in later times the inaccessible re-terat of fierce, fanatical mountaineers, who seemed for centuries the rule of Turk and Christian alike, and bravely resisted every effort to bring them into subjection. It was only quite recently that a Bulgarian force succeeded in oc-enpying the remoter portion of the Pounk territory assigned seven years ago by the convention of Top-Khane to eastern Roumelia.—Fortnightly Re-view.

SHE FELT SURE.

a Chicago Giet.

They happened to meet in a State street store the other day, and they had a conversation which sent one of them away with floods of light illuminating her soni. She was one of those girls who are adopted by old ladies and constantly invited to tea by them to meet backelor sens, and who count all the beaux they geer had on the fingers of one hand. The other—well, she was different. She was one of those maddening creatures who are always mysteriously supplied with rows and honbons and excerted to the theater on first nights, in spite of the fact that all the other girls are agreed to the that "these is absolutely nothing in her."

"Lauppoor you are trying to decide

the said.

"Well, no," replied the other girl frankly, "You use, I am getting my wedding things, and I think I'll have both." Then she looked down to blush and looked up to see the effect of her

"Is it possible? I"—
"Yes. dess, and you can't imagine hose nervous I am."
"I only hope you"—
"Will be happy? Of course I shall. Why, I can always make him do just what I choose."
The other girl pursed up her lips and looked virtuous. "Oh, I shouldn't like that at all. The man I marry must be one that I can obey."
"Not at all, my dear. It is all very nice to talk that way to the men. They like it, and it must be pretty, besides deing so harm, until you are really going to marry one of them, when you untyour own way, just like any other sensible wroman."
"Well, do tell me how he"— begun

ble woman."

"Well, do tell me how he"— began the other girl dreamily.

"Proposed? Oh, but he hasn't done it yet?"

"But I thought that you"—

"Were relecting a troussess? So I am, goosis. You see, it is just this way. He will call at a this evening, and by 9 at latest we will be formally engaged."

"But how do you know?" helplessly asked the other girl.

"Simply by presedent. When a man asks you in an anxious tone if you think a married sing ought to give up his club, you may know that his intentions are serious, and when he follows it up a few days later by asking you if you don't think a man has a right to smoke all over his own bouse it is high time to decide whether the wedding shall be at home or in church."

"My goodness!"

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced me."

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced me."

"Oh, do tell me about it?"

"No, it was simply this: I met him on the street yesterday, and he was reading a paper so intently that he didn't even see me until I spoke. Then he blushed violently, and in great confusion thrust his paper into his overcoat pocket. Well, he went home with me and—now, you must never tell this as long as you live."

"I never, never will."

"Well, I was so curious to see what he had been reading that confused him so that I made an excuse to alip out into the hall where his cost was hanging and take the paper out of his pocket, and what do you think it was?"

"Oh, I can't imagine."

"It was a bousehold paper, and the article that he had been reading was one which proved conclusively that two people could live a great deal more cheaply than one. Now, do you see why I am commencing to select my trousseau? she asked triumphantly.

"Yes, I do," maskly replied the other girl.—Chicago Tribune.

Traveler (in haste)—Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank, porter? Porter—Plenty of time, sir—10:50 to morrow morning.—Tit-Bits.

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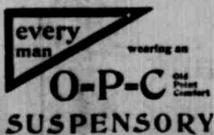
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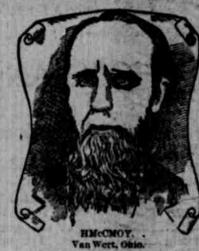
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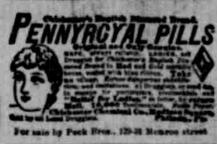
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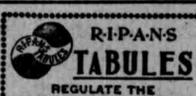
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